“Happiness”
Koopaboo

Simon asked me
what makes me happy.
Even though he already knew.
Of course he knew—
But he wanted me to know, too.

I didn’t know.
There are too many kinds of happiness—
excitement, serenity,
loud,
quiet,
the little bubbles that don't make sense
until you're alone.

“And what would you wish to do now?”
he asked.

“Just have a drink,” I said.
“And do nothing.”

A vending machine appeared,
because alcohol is still two months away.

I turned to him.
“Do you want anything?”

“If it brings you happiness, then yes.”

What.
That was a weird answer.
I asked myself why I had asked in the first place.

Maybe it’s habit.
Maybe it’s courtesy.
Maybe I just wanted to make him happy, too.

“Choose whatever you like—for me, anything will do.”

I picked bubblegum for me.
And blueberry for him.

We sat beneath an oak tree.
I cracked open the can and let it fizz before sipping.
Simon held his soda quietly against his chest.

“Blueberry,” he murmured.

Then he breathed,
“So... this is the part where we do nothing?”

I nodded.
But nothing isn’t really empty.
Nothing can imply anything.
And thinking about doing anything
while doing nothing—
that makes me happy,
in a weird way.

“Ah... daydreaming,” he said.

“Yes! Daydreaming.”

“Then I was right, after all,”
he chuckled.
“I had a feeling. My daydreaming girl.”